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INDIAN
LEGENDARY POEMS
AND
SONGS OF CHEER.

BY

WILLIAM EDGAR BROWN.



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CANOE SCENE. LEGEND OF THE RIVER.

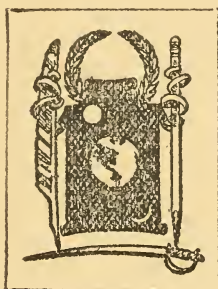
INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS

AND

SONGS OF CHEER,

BY

WILLIAM EDGAR BROWN.



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To Professor Milton S. Terry, D.D., L.L.D., of Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill., my friend and teacher, whose saintly character, marvelous literary productions, valuable instruction, and kindly encouragement have greatly inspired me; also, to Captain Richard P. Ingersoll, of Dundee, Mich., my friend and brother, whose amiable Christian character, sterling worth, and substantial assistance, have proven of untold value; also, to Mr. O. E. Mott, of Dundee, Mich., my friend and counselor, whose noble Christian qualities, business ability, and substantial encouragement and assistance, have been of great value: I affectionately dedicate this volume; and hereby express to these true friends, my sincere and heartfelt thanks.

WM. EDGAR BROWN.

INTRODUCTION: BY WILL CARLETON.

As one who is eager to welcome every addition to true literature that comes from his native State, I bespeak a cordial welcome for this book. Its range of themes is wide and interesting, and its prosodical methods accurate and instructive to those who would win recognition in the broad tournament of the wide field of poetry. Its motives, too, as expressed in verse, are always for the true and right, and the whole work has characteristics of the flowers of imagination sown in the gardens of sane common sense. So, I expect the people not only of Michigan, but of many other States, to read the following lines.

WILL CARLETON.

INTRODUCTORY STANZA

BY

LORD BYRON.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes;
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more;
In these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne’er express, yet cannot all conceal.”

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INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS.

ONIATA: THE LILY OF THE FOREST.

A DRAMATIC INDIAN LEGENDARY POEM.

In the lodge of Tiogaughwa,
By the shining Big Sea Water,
Lived the daughter of a chieftain,
Lived Oniata, Forest Lily,
Fairest of all Indian maidens.

Eyes had she like the dark fish pools,
Where the brook trout sport with pleasure;
Deep pools of the silvery streamlets,
Fed by mountain springs of crystal,
Pools that sleep in shady places.

Fair as morning were her features,
White her skin as feathery snow-flakes;
Save the bloom upon her red cheeks,
Like unto the sun's first coming,
To awake the fields of ripe corn.

The bright sun had kissed her hair, and,
From its wealth its gold had borrowed;
And it fell upon her shoulders
In a wealth of grace and beauty,
Like a cloud, all fleecy, golden.

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

Her voice was so full of music,
That the song birds stopped to listen;
For they wished to catch those sweet notes,
And repeat them in the morning;
When the dew was on the flowers.

When she laughed the mountain streamlets
Fled away, in noisy clamor;
Sought the silence of the deep pools,
For their voices seemed but mockery,
When they once had heard Oniata.

To the Indians such a vision
Ne'er was seen in all the country;
And whene'er she passed, they whispered,
Startled by her wondrous beauty.
And they named her, Forest Lily;
Said she came from that far country,
Where the good are always happy;
And the maidens all were like her,
In the land of pleasant forests.

To her father came great honor,
Proud was he of his Oniata;
Many were the treasures brought him,
Many were the gifts presented.
Costly gifts were laid before him,

ONIATA: THE LILY OF THE FOREST.

Great chiefs sought with him a treaty,
Came from far to smoke the peace pipe;
But they all without exception,
Ask his daughter's hand in marriage.

Through all countries spread the tidings
Of the maiden's wondrous beauty;
Like a harvest feast of bounty,
Like the boastings of the bear hunt,
Like the wild news of the war-path.

From the distant Indian village,
From the forest and the camp-fire,
From the tribes of distant nations
Came young chiefs, and war-worn veterans,
To the lodge of Tiogaughwa.

But 'twas not the chief who drew them,
'Twas the lovely Forest Lily;
And they were not disappointed,
For the maiden, all unconscious
Of the radiance of her presence,
And the spell she cast around her,
Humbly did her father's bidding;
In his spacious lodge presided,
Like a queen she waited on them.

What so winsome as a maiden?

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

What so charming as a woman?
In her eyes are darts more deadly
Than an arrow tipped with flint-stone,
Guided by the eagle's feather.
In her eyes are depths much deeper
Than the far-famed pools of Heshbon;
Thus, she causes man to follow,
Thus she leads him with her love light.

Thus it was with these great warriors,
Who had come so far to see her;
In her eyes they saw the love-light,
In her face they saw the sunlight,
In her voice they heard the music,
In her hair they saw the sunset;
Golden sunset of the evening;
And her form was like the willow,
Graceful willow by the river;
Thus to know her, was to love her,
Was to love her, all too fondly.

Love is fond, and love is foolish,
When in love, look not for reason;
Reason then is on a journey,
Or, perchance, she yet is sleeping;
If she's sleeping, do not wake her,
If you do, she will not listen,
Wit and wits are out of fashion.

ONIATA: THE LILY OF THE FOREST.

So it is with king and beggar;
So it is with fool and wise man;
Youth and age alike are foolish;
So it was from the beginning;
And these chiefs were no exception,
When they saw the Forest Lily.

Homes were left, and wives deserted,
Mothers left to pine in sadness;
Sweethearts, once their pride and boasting,
Left behind, and spurned, and jilted
For the lovely Forest Lily.
Chase and war-path were forsaken,
In their mad infatuation.

Feats of strength enacting wonders,
Strange and weird was their performance,
Till upon the ground exhausted,
With the zeal of their endeavor,
Thus they vainly tried to win her.

From the greatest of the warriors,
To the young, and foolish Waskum,
Whom the Indians call the foolish;
For he thought by his grimaces,
He could win the Forest Lily.
Thus he danced the giddy whirl dance,
Thus he gave the awful war whoop,

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

Thus he danced the frantic sword dance,
Making sport for all who saw him;
But Oniata, all unheeding,
Did not court their smiles or favors.

Hark! I hear the quiet footfall
Of a host of Indian women;
See! they fill the Council Chamber,
Sitting in a solemn circle;
'Tis the sweethearts, wives, and mothers,
Of the chiefs who love Oniata,
And have left their homes to woo her;
Now they summon all the warriors,
That they may relate their grievance

Hark! I hear the voice of singing,
Coming from the Council Chamber;
'Tis a song as of a maiden,
Grieving for her absent lover.
Now the women all are singing.

INDIAN MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

There was once a winsome Indian girl,
Who loved a warrior bold;
But he had gone a long, long way,
And had not returned for many a day,
And the maiden's heart grew cold;
And she waited, and watched, for his return,

INDIAN MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

For she loved her warrior bold.

CHORUS:

This maiden would cry in the silent night,
My lover, come back to me!
But the wind through the pine trees seemed to moan,
He'll never come back to thee;
He'll never come back to thee.

This maiden would roam through the forest wild,
And search for her lover alone;
And watch 'neath the light of the moon's pale beams,
And follow the course of the murmuring streams,
And list to their sad sweet tones;
And it seemed that an arrow was piercing her heart,
As she'd list to their pensive tones.

CHORUS:

Once when she stood 'neath the twinkling stars,
She thought she felt him nigh;
And heard him whisper, My love be true!
And I will come back again to you!
But 'twas only the night bird's cry;
And her heart grew sick with foreboding ill.
And her bosom heaved a sigh.

CHORUS:

And every night e'er the sun goes down,

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

Beneath the heaven's blue,
You may see this lovely maid go forth,
This maiden of dusky hue,
And hear her whisper in sad sweet tones,
My lover I'll be true!
My loved one I'll be true!

CHORUS:

Scarcely had the sad notes ended,
When another song resounded
From the solemn Council Chamber;
'Twas an Indian wife lamenting,
For her husband who had left her.

INDIAN WIFE'S LAMENT.

O! why has he gone far, far away, and left me?
Far from our lodge where he called me his own;
Where in his arms he did oftentimes enfold me;
O! why did he go? and leave me alone?
His voice was so sweet, like the notes of the wild
birds,
His eyes were as mild, as the white cooing dove;
His feet were as swift as the deer on the mountain,
O! come back Algonquin! O! come back my love!

CHORUS:

I am so lonely, since you have gone from me,
And sad is my heart, when the evening draws nigh;

INDIAN WIFE'S LAMENT.

The lodge is more drear than the winds of the wild-
wood,

O! come back Algonquin! or else let me die;

O! come back my sweetheart! or else let me die.

Why has he gone from the lodge of his true love?

Why did he leave me to make my heart sore?

He went for the love of the pale Forest Lily,

And now he forsakes me, and comes back no more.

He lurks in the forest, or lies near her wigwam,

To win but one glance, of the maiden's dark eyes;

He brings her rare presents, of rich furs and wampum,

And for nought else, but her favor he sighs.

CHORUS:

O! why has he gone from my desolate wigwam?

'Tis the cruel Oniata! that lures him away;

'Tis the smiles and the tears of the pale Forest Lily,

That ever ensnares him, and keeps him away;

That ever allures him and keeps him away.

O! why should the heart of my love be inconstant?

O! why should he change like the fickle West wind?

O! why should my starlight go out in his presence?

O! why should the heart of my love be unkind?

He promised to love me, he promised to cheer me,

To never forsake me, or leave me alone;

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

To care for me ever, with love and affection,
And be my Algonquin, but now he is gone.

CHORUS:

O! why has he gone from my desolate wigwam?
'Tis the cruel Oniata that lures him astray!
'Tis the smiles and the tears of the pale Forest Lily!
That ever ensnares him, and keeps him away;
That ever allures him, and keeps him away.

O! may the bad spirits annoy and afflict her!
And coax her away through the forest so wild;
To wander alone in the vales and the mountains,
Alone in the woods, like a fatherless child.
O! may the great owl flap his wings as she passes!
And hoot in derision, as she passes by!
And under the moonlight, and under the starlight,
And under the clouds, and the dew may she lie.

CHORUS:

O! cruel Oniata! O! cruel Forest Lily!
You've stolen the heart of my husband from me;
And now may you wander alone in the forest,
As lonely and sad as my loved one left me;
As lonely and sad as my husband left me.

When this weird, sad song was ended,

INDIAN WIFE'S LAMENT.

Still the women sang another;
And the warriors' hearts were softened
By the memory of their children;
As they sang, the warriors listened.

INDIAN LULLABY SONG.

Ewa-Yea!—Ewa-Yea!

List to my lullaby.

Ewa-Yea—Ewa-Yea

List to the night bird's cry;

Sweetly sleep in your mossy bed,

While the bright stars twinkle out over head,

And the night winds softly sigh;

And the night winds softly sigh.

Ewa-Yea!—Ewa-Yea!

Soft is your mossy bed,

Ewa-Yea!—Ewa-Yea!

Low was the prayer you said.

Mother will watch by her babe while he sleeps;

While the Great Spirit His silent watch keeps,

Above the tall pine tree;

He'll ever keep watch of thee.

Ewa-Yea!—Ewa-Yea!

Safe are you from all harm;

Ewa-Yea!—Ewa-Yea!

Safe from the night's alarm.

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

The sun has gone far away in the West,
And the night owl hoots in the tree by his nest,
But mother will stay with thee;
But mother will stay with thee.

Ewa-Yea!—Ewa-Yea!

Sleep till the morning light;

Ewa-Yea!—Ewa-Yea!

Wake with the blossoms bright;

Sleep then my darling, and sweet be thy rest,

Sleep then my babe, like a bird in its nest,

While the night winds softly sigh,

While the night winds softly sigh.

When once more the song was ended,
And the Council sat in silence,
Waunopeta, tall and handsome,
Graceful as the stately cedar,
Wife was she of Chief Torquanda,
She the spokesman of the women,
Boldly walked forth in the circle.

Brothers! listen to my story!

Listen now to Waunopeta!

We have brought you to this Council,

That we may relate our grievance,

That our hearts may not be broken.

We have come to tell our story,
For our lovers all have left us;
In our wigwams burn the fires,
Brightly have they burned and cheerful,
As a welcome to our lovers;
But they came not in the evening;
Though we watched until the morning.

Vainly have the maidens waited,
By the brookside in the forest,
Where the song birds sing the sweetest,
Where the violets are peeping,
Where the balmy breath of springtime,
Softly sighs among the branches,
Fills the air with forest freshness.

Vainly have we told our sorrows,
In the ear of the Great Spirit;
When our children pined and faded,
Like the wild rose in the summer;
But it seemed he would not listen.

Brothers! listen to my story!
I am speaking for my sisters;
Have the wives proved false and faithless?
Have the mothers been neglectful?
Have the maidens lost their beauty?
If so, they no more will vex you;

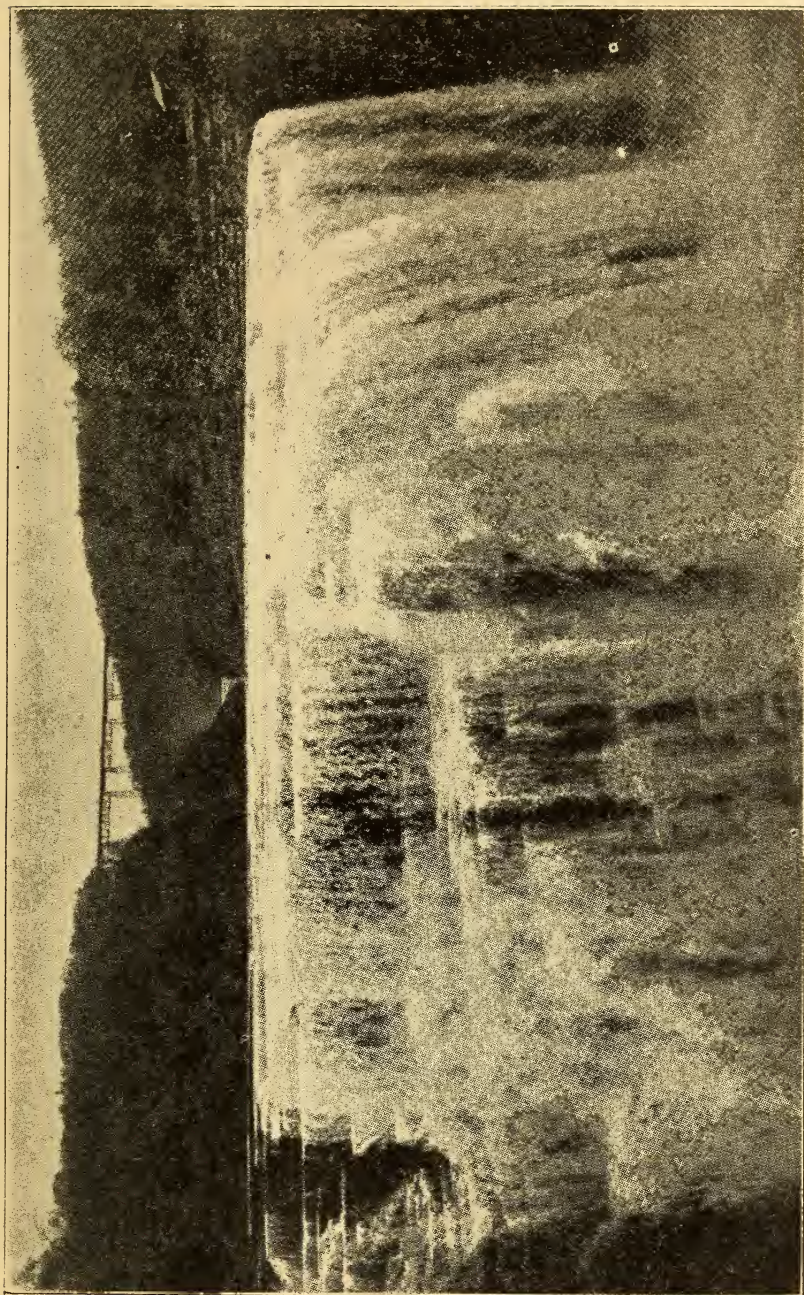
INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

No more grieve you by their presence;
We beseech you at this Council;
Send us on our long long journey.
Brothers, it is not like warriors,
Thus to leave the ones who love them:
If you listen, I will tell you,
Of the Legend of the River.

THE LEGEND OF THE RIVER.

O my braves! do you remember,
How the lovely Tonadahwa,
How the charming Seneca maiden,
Loved a brave who wooed and won her,
Saved her from impending danger?

As one day this lovely maiden,
Her canoe was swiftly urging,
Urged her cheemaun swiftly onward,
Little thinking of the danger,
That so near at hand was threatening,
Might be seen a dusky warrior,
Fleeing swiftly through the forest;
Like the red deer, swiftly running;
On the bank above the river,
In a great tree took his station.
'Twas her jealous Seneca lover,
Who had sought her hand in marriage,
But whom she had spurned and jilted.



MIDDLE FALL, GENESEE RIVER, N. Y. : SCENE OF LEGEND OF THE RIVER.



THE LEGEND OF THE RIVER.

As her cheemaun swiftly bore her,
From the village of the Senecas,
Suddenly she heard a whistle,
Which she thought to be her lover;
And she rested on her paddle.

Listening, again she heard it;
Heard a call as of her lover,
Heard it echo through the woodlands,
Listened to it still resounding,
'Twas a welcome note that called her,
And the rich blood mounting upward,
Caused her cheeks to glow with beauty,
And emotion heaved her bosom;
With a cry of joy she answered;
Toward the bank her boat she guided,
With a few swift strokes she sent it,
In the deep shade of the elm tree,
'Neath its over-hanging branches.

But! alas! 'twas not her lover,
That into her cheemaun lighted,
Springing swiftly from the elm tree,
With a look so dark and angry,
With an evil look of triumph.

Not a sound escaped the maiden;
Nor a terror gave expression;

But her red cheeks lost their color,
And her dark eyes gleamed more darkly,
From her heart, all hope was driven;
When her hated Seneca lover,
From her small hands caught the paddle,
Sent her light craft swiftly forward,
Toward the middle of the river.

Hark! what is that sound which startles
Like the whizzing of an arrow?
See! it cleaves the air so swiftly,
Like a sunbeam winged with swan'sdown;
But its point is sharp as flint stone;
Like soft words with poison laden,
When they pierce fond hearts and break them,
And it strikes between the shoulders
Of her cowardly abductor,
Just as he is bending forward,
In his arms to clasp the maiden.

With a cry, the baffled rival,
Leaped into the foaming river;
As he springs, he hurls the paddle;
And with last remaining effort,
Pushed the boat into the current.

Then the whirling, seething rapids,
Caught the helpless craft and bore it,

THE LEGEND OF THE RIVER.

With terrific swiftness onward,
O'er the waters, green as emerald,
Save for white foam, mist, enshrouded,
Tossed the frail bark like a plaything,
At the mercy of the rapids;
Whirled it round, then onward, onward,
Until lost, amid the tumult,
And the roar of seething waters.

Then the lovely Tonadahwa,
Turned toward the gloomy forest,
Saw her lover, pale and trembling,
Heard a moan that froze her heart's blood,
Like a frightened fawn his eyes were.

When she saw his dreadful anguish,
And beheld his true affection,
All the courage of the red man,
All his bravery and composure,
Seemed to swell within her bosom;
She, with smile of fond affection,
Waved a farewell to her lover;
And as her canoe went flying
Through the mist, and, spray enshrouded,
Toward the torrent just below her
On the wind a song she wafted;
She her death song sadly chanted:

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

DEATH CHANT.

Fare thee well, my faithful lover,
Do not weep for me, Algonquin,
For your Tonadahwa loves you,
Loves you truly, dearly loves you;
You will meet her, O my lover!
In the Forest of Good Spirits,
Where we shall be always happy;
And the pine trees of the forest
Caught the song, and gently whispered:
Yes! you shall be always happy!
Fare thee well! O Tonadahwa!

For a moment, stood her lover,
Stood he speechless, panic stricken;
Then new spirit came within him,
And new courage took possession;
Like the wind, he swiftly flew then,
Like the wind, along the river,
On the high bank there he faltered,
On the high 'bank, where the water
Tumbled over, downward, downward,
Faltered only for a moment,
Till his Tonadahwa vanished,
In the foaming flood beneath him;
Then his arms one moment raising,
Toward the land of the departed,
Leaped he in the dreadful whirlpool.

THE LEGEND OF THE RIVER.

As the angels guide the noble,
Guide the brave and the true hearted,
In their strong arms safely hold them,
Bear them on their hands in safety,
So the spirits of great warriors,
Who had long before departed
To the land of pleasant forests,
Caught this brave and faithful lover,
Swiftly, swiftly, yet so gently,
Lowered they the hero downward,
Till unharmed, beneath the waters,
'Neath the fall of roaring waters,
And received his Tonadahwa,
Safe into his arms enfolded;
Where the braves had held her safely,
Held her to await his coming.

Clinging to the broken boulders,
Bruised and blinded by the mad waves,
The triumphant Seneca warrior,
Onward bore his precious burden;
Onward, to a place of safety,
Where, with joy beyond expression,
Back to consciousness he nursed her,
Back to life, again he brought her,
Till once more, she smiled upon him.

As an influence sweetly lingers,

When the life has long departed,
Deeds of love, and acts of kindness,
Take their forms like holy angels,
Fill the earth with verdant springtime,
Soothe the heart, like notes of song birds,
Till the soul sings of fond memories.

So the song of Tonadahwa,
Through the woodlands gently floated,
Through the pine trees gently murmured,
Mingled with the roar of waters,
Bidding all true hearts take courage.
So through all time, listening lovers,
Who at time of evening sunset,
Walking by the silvery streamlets,
Listening to their rippling waters,
Hear a cry of pain and anguish
As of Tonadahwa's lover,
When he leaped into the waters;
But, it says, "Be still! and listen!
No kind word is ever wasted,
No brave heart can be defeated,
Joy shall come again tomorrow."

When the speech at last was ended,
And the Council chamber silent,
Suddenly, was seen a movement,
Near the entrance of the chamber;
And it proved to be Oniata.

ONIATA: THE LILY OF THE FOREST.

Then was heard a cry of pleasure,
As they looked upon the maiden;
Many there had never seen her,
And were blinded by her beauty;
She was dressed in robe of ermine,
Trimmed with feathers rich and radiant,
Plucked from birds of rarest plumage,
From the countries far to southward;
Could a maiden, pure and childlike,
With the features of an angel,
Be the cause of all their trouble?

Like the hunted fawn her eyes were,
As she stood before the Council;
Sweet and childlike were the accents,
That she uttered in their presence;
And they could not help but love her.

Sisters! listen to my story!
To the story of Oniata;
For you think I do not love you,
And have lured away your lovers;
But you do not understand me.

Oniata asked not smiles or favors
From the braves who waited on her,
But when resting in her wigwam,
Or communing with her maidens,

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

Or when thinking of the Dream God,
Or when walking in the forest,
Came the chiefs with silly love songs,
Came with words of foolish flattery,
Came before her lodge with dances,
Came with cries and foolish boasting,
Said they loved the Forest Lily.

When Oniata roamed the forest,
Where the Dream God loves to linger,
Men of strange lands, marked her pathway,
Drove away the peaceful Dream God,
And disturbed her meditations;
Drove her back into her wig-wam,
Where she could not keep from weeping;
Sisters! if you listen to me!
I will sing the Dream God for you.

SONG OF THE DREAM GOD.

The Dream God comes to a shy little maiden,
When in her heart are the thoughts of love;
When in her mind are the visions of beauty,
Like the bright spirits, that come from above.
When her fair bosom heaves with emotion,
When in her cheeks is the blush of the rose;
When the big tears in her mild eyes glisten,
When her thought none but the Dream God knows.

SONG OF THE DREAM GOD.

CHORUS:

O! when the Dream God comes to entrance her,
Don't you disturb him, or drive him away;
Sweet are the tales that the Dream God tells her,
Sweet are the words, that she hears him say.

Oft she goes forth in the freshness of morning,
Forth while the dewdrops still kiss the wild rose;
On through the meadow, and into the forest;
On to the wildwood, where the blue violet grows.
There in the grape vine, the bees are a-buzzing,
There, where the humming bird swings in the
breeze,
Out where the red squirrels leap in the branches,
Out where the wild birds, sing in the trees.

CHORUS:

That's when the Dream God comes to Oniata,
That's when her vision is far far away;
That's when she thinks of the land of good spirits,
Don't wake the Dream God, or drive him away!

Once she went forth, in the silence of evening,
Forth by the path, on the bank of the stream;
Over her head the stars faintly twinkled,
Down through the branches, came the moonlight's
gleam;

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

Over the brook, a whip-poor-will was singing,
Singing to his mate, a sad, pensive lay;
Then the Dream God came to the pale Forest Lily,
But they disturbed him, and drove him away.

CHORUS:

Waskum was there, with his dark looks and features,
Standing by a tree, on the bank of the stream;
He had been watching for the pale Forest Lily,
And drove off the Dream God, and frightened her dream.

Come! let us go to the depths of the wildwood;
Come! let us go where the wild flowers bloom;
Down the winding path by the brink of the streamlet;
Come! Come away! through the woods let us roam!
Come far away, from the noise of the village;
Through the bright dells of the Dream God we'll go;
Through the deep glades of the dark-tangled wild-wood,
Down by the streamlet, where the cool waters flow.

CHORUS:

O! when the Dream God comes to entrance us,
Don't you disturb him, or drive him away;
Sweet to our ears, is the voice of the Dream God,
Sweet to our heart, are the words he will say.

ONIATA: THE LILY OF THE FOREST.

If you knew the Forest Lily,
You would know she loved her sisters;
But her sisters do not love her;
And their hearts are full of envy;
She will go away and leave them,
Far away from the dear homeland,
Where, no more, again, she'll grieve them.

At a signal from the maiden,
Parted was the solemn circle;
That Oniata, on her journey,
Might pass through their midst, unhindered;
And relieve them of their rival.

As she started, Chief Torquanda
Moved, as if he wished to follow;
But the princess, Waunopeta,
Quickly took her place before him;
And her father calmly stood there,
Arms close folded on his bosom;
Watched with tearful eyes, his daughter.

..
Out into the gloomy forest,
Went the gentle Indian maiden;
Silent sat the solemn Council,
As the vision faded from them;
Far away, from her dear home land,
Not one look she cast behind her;

All her thoughts were for her sisters.

Many, many days she wandered,
While the bright sun warmed her pathway;
And at night the silvery moonbeams
Shone upon her through the branches;
When she rested by the brook side,
Then she caught the fragrant blossoms,
And she pressed them to her bosom;
Beamed upon them, with her lovelight,
Breathed her love into their bosoms;
Love such as she bore her sisters,
Far away, in the dear home land.
And their hearts felt such an influence,
That they ever since have given,
Love for others, as she taught them,
When in loneliness she saw them,
When she fondly stooped, and kissed them,
When she pressed them to her bosom.

Many, many moons had passed,
And unto the wives and maidens
Joy and gladness had returned,
With the coming of their loved ones.
Winter's white cloud he once more
Cast o'er hill, and vale, and forest,
In his prison house of ice,
Locked he all the lakes and rivers;

ONIATA: THE LILY OF THE FOREST.

But Oniata came no more;
Came no more to bless her people;
And great Tioguaghwa mourned her.

In his lone, and desolate wigwam,
Where no fire had since been lighted,
Sat the chief, before his fireplace,
Waited there in gloomy silence,
Sat with bowed head, sad, and mournful.

Warm winds came again, and wafted
Songs of men, and songs of maidens;
Wafted gently through the woodlands
Songs of men, and songs of maidens;
Tioguaghwa saw all this, but
Still his heart was sad and lonely;
Love songs only made his heart ache,
Laughter made him feel more lonely;
For the chase, he had no courage;
No words for the council fire;
So he sadly left his people;
Walked away into the forest,
By the same path as his daughter.

As he wandered, through the forest,
Flowers raised their heads before him;
Told him often, told him gently,
How his daughter oft had kissed them,

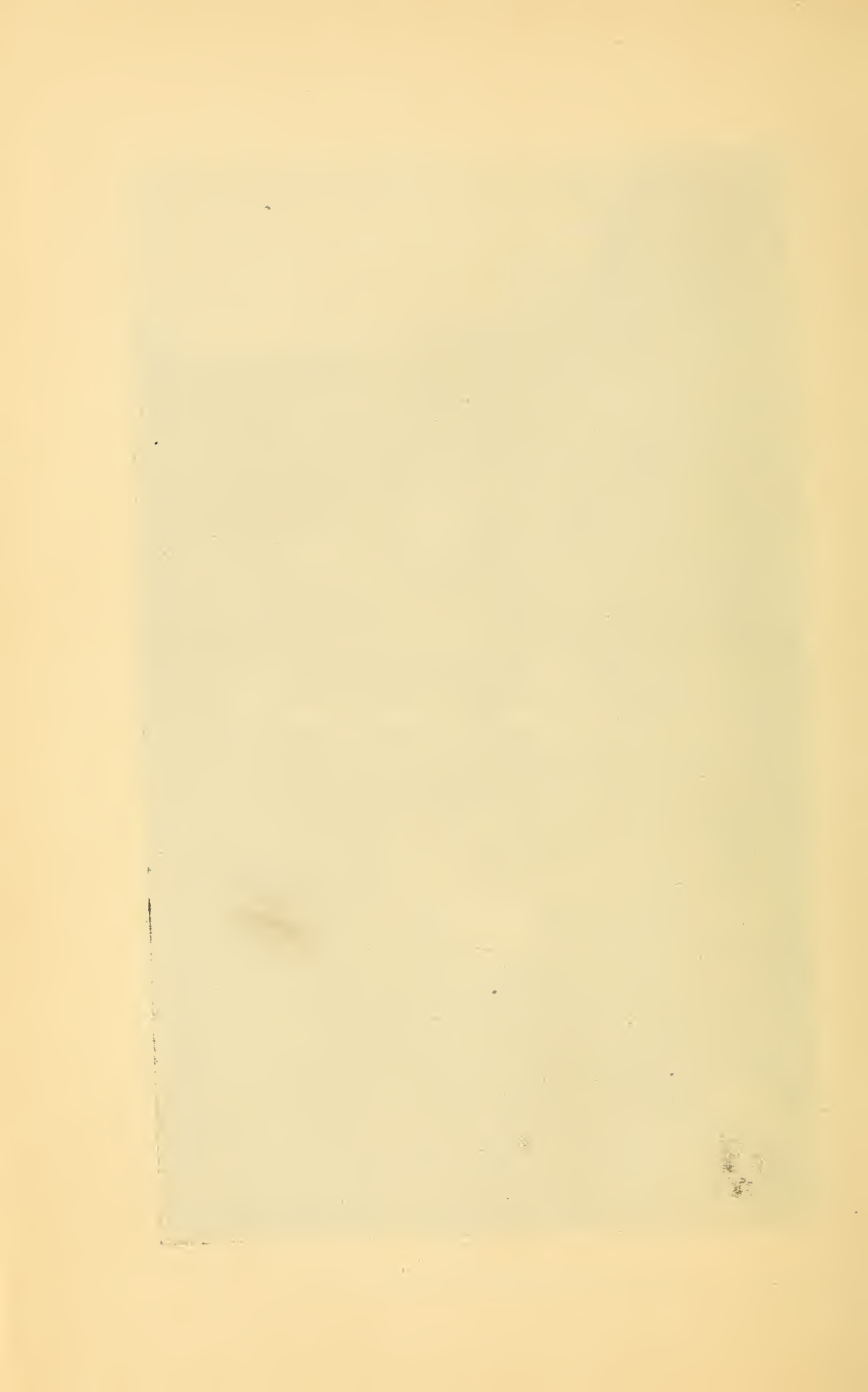
INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

Oft had pressed them to her bosom;
And the old man sank beside them,
Caught the fragrance of their perfume.

When with gentle songs, the South wind,
Softly sighed among the pine trees,
With such melancholy sadness,
With such sweet, and solemn pathos,
Of his loved one he was minded;
Seemed to him, like her caresses.
And it told him of the future;
Soothed his heart, with sweet forebodings;
Said his wigwam fire was lighted,
By his child who waited for him,
In the Land of Pleasant Forests.



LOWER FALL, GENESEE RIVER, N. Y.



THE BIRTH OF THE ARBUTUS.

THE BIRTH OF THE ARBUTUS.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

Dedicated to the passengers and crew of the "Russia" on her Northern trip, September 8-16, 1908.

Many, many moons ago,
In a land of ice and snow,
Where the pale moon did faintly glimmer
On a lake and a frozen river,
And the Pole-star dimly shine
On the birch and northern pine;
In a damp, lonely lodge of dreary view,
Dwelt the desolate Manito.

Cruel and brave was the Manito,
Wrinkled and white was his lofty brow,
Keen and gray was his piercing eye,
And fierce as the eagle of the sky.
And, drooping forward, his massive form
Was bent by the weight of many a storm;
But his boast and pride was his crown of snow,
White as the drifts which the north winds blow.

Warmly clad was the Manito,
In the fur of the bear and the cunning beaver;

But none too warmly, for winter was here,
And the fields were white, and the leaves were sere;
Down came the chill winds from the bleak mountain side

And wildly whistled through branches and trees,
Chilling the birds and killing the bees.
The evil spirits in desolation
Sought, for safety, a new habitation
In the sheltering caves of ice and snow,
Safe from the breath which the wintry winds blow.

The haughtiest monarch will meet his fate,
The cruelest tyrant receive his blow,
So out of his lodge in the biting cold
Is the desolate Manito forced to go.
The hand of Time, who makes all things old,
Has laid his hand on the Tyrant gray,
In grief and despair, in anguish and prayer,
The sad hearted Suppliant takes his way,
A shivering wreck, to his lonely lodge,
In the fading beams of the closing day.

In the tree-tops the wind was moaning loud—
The giant thought of his coffin and shroud.
It sighed and shrieked in sounds most dreary,
Inside, the old man was weak and weary:
It circled around his lodge once more
And blew back the bear skin from the door;

THE BIRTH OF THE ARBUTUS.

And a beautiful maiden, of charms untold,
Entered the lodge of the Tyrant old.

Large were her eyes and glowed with light
As shine the eyes of the fawn at night;
Red were her cheeks as the leaves of the rose
That on the bank of the streamlet grows.
Her graceful form and features fair
Were crowned by her wealth of tresses rare,
So long that they brushed the floor of the King,
And glossy and black as the raven's wing.

Of grasses and ferns was her winsome gown,
A wreath of flowers her priceless crown,
Her dainty feet wore moccasins rare—
White lilies embroidered 'with violets fair.
Her hands were clad in willow-buds gay,
Her gestures were graceful as fawn at play.

The voice of the maiden was soft and sweet
As the south wind, who kisses the fields of wheat,
Her breath as fragrant as flowers in May,
That open 'their leaves at the peep of day.
As the zephyrs of spring unloose the stream,
And change the glade to a fairy-land dream,
So the wintry wind rushed back in affright,
And the lodge was enchanted with warmth and
light.

The Manito sat in his great arm-chair,
And viewed with wonder the maiden fair,
At last his lips the silence broke,
And in tremulous tones a welcome spoke.
Come, sit thou here and tell me thy name,
And tell me the land from whence you came;
And tell me why, like the hunted deer,
You wander alone in the forest here.
And 'tell me the place where thy people dwell,
And the charm and grace of thy wondrous spell,
Until thou dost weary, thou then shalt know,
Of the victories and deeds of the fierce Manito.

The maiden smiled, and the sunlight's beam,
Through the roof of the lodge, shot its golden
gleam;
The pipe of friendship the old man took,
And stroked his beard with a peaceful look;
But when the blue smoke began to soar,
A boasting braggart he proved once more;
And terrible deeds he did then unfold,
As pirate, cruising in quest of gold.

When I, the Manito, blow my breath,
The rivers are still in the grip of death,
The waves of the great lakes, break no more,
With their martial music, upon the shore.
The murmuring streamlets are silent and still,

THE BIRTH OF THE ARBUTUS.

For all the waters obey my will.
I roar with delight when I plainly see
The havoc which has been wrought by me."

Then spoke the maid, in accents sweet,
"The Manito is strong and great,
The waters know his poisonous breath,
For, at its touch, they chill in death;
But, when the woodlands see me smiling,
The hills and glades and glens beguiling,
Flowers are seen in the forest, springing
All in tune, with the song-birds singing.
Grasses green, and fields inviting,
All in tune with the meadow-lark's piping."

With eyes that glowed like coals of fire,
The giant roused him in his ire,
And, standing like a stag at bay,
Or lion crouching for his prey,
In tones as deep as the lion's roar,
The grizzly Manito spoke once more.

"When I shake my locks, the wild winds blow,
And the earth is covered with frost and snow;
The leaves all die and fall to the ground,
For scarce a leaf on a tree is found.
The birds desert their nests and fly

Far over the lakes, from the wintry sky;
In sheltered caves, on the mountain's side,
In terror 'and fear do the animals hide;
When I wrinkle my brow or wave my hand,
The wind wails its death chant over the land."

As lovely woman only knows
The balm which soothes the stern man's woes,
And softly whispers just the word
To soothe the spirit of her lord;
And all his foolish notions ridding,
Sweetly makes him do her bidding,
So this fair maid, with accents sweet,
Brought the fierce Storm King to her feet.

"Great is the Manito," said the maid,
"In all the land is his power displayed,
His mighty name is feared by all
The living things, both great and small.
Mighty and cruel is the Manito,
And cunning as the Indian brave,
His strength surpasses the mountain oak,
Which, with one blow of his hand, is broke."

"But I am gentle," quoth the maiden,
"And with the breath of the flowers laden;
When I walk forth, a winsome rover,

THE BIRTH OF THE ARBUTUS.

Floods of sunlight float all over.
The trees are dressed in beauteous green,
Fit for the fancy of the queen;
While in the dell the violet's hue
Vies with the skies' ethereal blue;
And the fond dove to 'his mate is cooing,
Charmed by the song of the South Wind's wooing.
Again the blue-bird rears her young,
Her mate, his watchful vigil keeping.
The brook trout sport in the silvery stream,
And through the forest the red deer's leaping.
The Indian brave tells his tale of love
To the bashful maiden, who hides her blushes;
But see, the Manito drops his head,
As into the lodge the South Wind rushes."

The Storm King raised his head once more,
As if his boasting were not o'er;
But the maiden gently waved her hand
As the magician waves his wand.
He then began to shake and shiver,
And every nerve in his body quiver;
The maiden smiled at her gentle power
When she saw the Manito growing small,
For he had come to his fatal hour,
And his boasting pride must have a fall.
At last, when he opened his mouth to speak,
The gurgling waters began to flow;

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

And the garments that covered his vanishing form,
Were changed to bright and glistening 'leaves.
Then knelt the maiden upon the ground
And took from her bosom most precious flowers,
Such as grow in northern bowers.
Modest, fragrant and rose-white were they,
Sweetest flowers of loveliest May.
She hid them under the leaves with care,
And breathed with her love—a perfume rare.

“I give, O precious jewels, to thee,
My virtues and my sweetest breath,
And men shall pluck thee with bowed head,
And gather thee on bended knee.”

As over the mountains and meads she went,
The song-birds sang¹ her a chorus of cheer,
Wherever¹ she stepped, and nowhere else,
Arbutus grow with fragrance rare.

As the maid's kind words¹ and accents sweet
Brought the fierce giant to her feet,
So gentle words, like drops of rain,¹
Will often soothe the heart of pain.
To gentle words¹ the power is given
To transform earth and open heaven;
For heaven comes to earth, like spring,

THE BIRTH OF THE ARBUTUS.

When in the heart the song-birds sing;
And spring's rare beauties stir in me
The hopes of immortality.



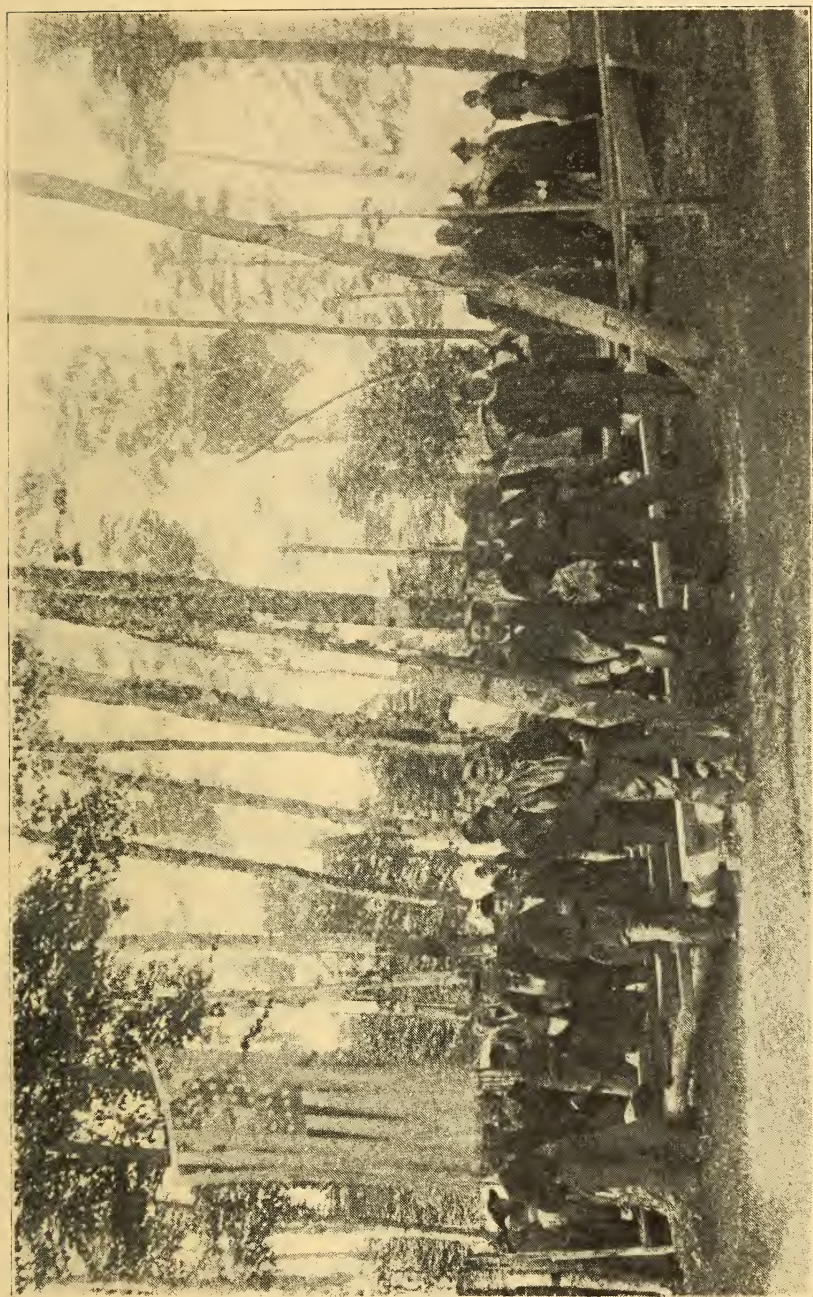
POINT IROQUOIS.

Point Iroquois is one of the most lovely spots in the Lake Superior region, and for over half a century it has been held as holy ground¹ by the Chippewas.

It is doubly interesting, because, according to Indian tradition, a fierce battle was once fought between the Iroquois (or The Six Nations, as they are frequently called,) and the Chippewas, which took place between the Point, and Iroquois¹ Island, to the north.

It was a naval battle in true Indian style, the combatants fighting in small boats, in a hand to hand struggle. According to the Chippewas, the Iroquois were defeated, and many were slain, some were taken prisoners, and were severely punished, and let go, the others were driven back to the Canadian shore, from which the attack was made.

We'll 'go to Old Point Iroquois,
On wild Superior's shore;
We'll pitch our tent by that Inland Sea,
And breathe its air so light and free,
As we oft have done before;
And we'll cast our hook in its waters blue,
As we oft have done before.



CHIPPEWA INDIAN GROUP ON POINT IROQUIS.

POINT IROQUOIS.

We'll watch the ships goⁱ sailing by
 Away to the great North Land;
We'll spread our sails on White Fish Bay,
And take a plunge in its milk white spray,
 And wade in its golden sand.
We'll take a plunge in its milk-white spray
 And sport in its golden sand.

We'll watch the red men pitch their tents
 In that old 'historic spot,
In a semi-circle made with care,
Of the silvery birch bark crude and rare,
 On the soil where once they fought.
And we'll list to them sing their evening hymns
 On the soil where once they fought.

Atⁱ night we'll sit by our tent and watch
 The torch light's ruddy glow;
And we'll list to the song of the coolⁱ night breeze
As it gently sways the tall forest trees,
 With music soft and low;
Like a sentinel angel guarding the spot,
 And singing so weird and low.

We'll think ofⁱ the days that used to be,
 The dim days long ago;
When the Indian's war whoop resounded shrill,
Through forestsⁱ dark o'er vale and hill,

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

And the battle was fierce below;
And the slain were many, on Iroquois Isle,
And[^] the boats were thick below.

Ill fared it then with the Iroquois,
The fiercest 'of fierce braves,
In vain was the scheme of his project bold,
To dislodge the foe from his safe stronghold
Beside the Western Waves;
And many a warrior found that night
His grave in the water's waves.

Come let us away to the great North Land,
Where the wild wind blows free;
We'll brave the billows of Saginaw Bay,
And sing 'while our good ship speeds away
To the grand old Saint Marie;
And we'll shoot the rapids before we return,
Of the swift old Saint Marie.

We'll list to the Indians sing once more
Their hymns in the O jib way;
And list to their voices fill the air,
With music 'so rich and sweet and rare,
In the quaint old Chippewa;
Mee suh droh o, mah tuh ke-beeng,
Ka oon je[^] ko, me nequa you.

THE VALLEY OF THE ONTONAGON.

THE VALLEY OF THE ONTONAGON.

The valley of the Ontonagon described in these lines is pronounced by tourists, who have traveled extensively, to be among the most beautiful which they have seen. It is not on so large a scale as the scenery of the West, but from the National hill it appears like some gorgeous fairy land. The town referred to is Rockland which overlooks the valley.

In the rough and rugged Northland
 Rocked by wild Superior's wave,
In the dark and towering forest
 Traversed long by Indian brave,
Lies the greenest of our valleys;
 Wondrous fair,
Smiling on the passing stranger,
 In beauty rare.

Surely this is land enchanted
 Such a fragrance fills the air,
Surely angels' eyes ne'er wander
 Over prospect yet more fair,
Such sweet songs the wild birds warble,
 Hearts in tune,

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

While the soft winds kiss the daisies,
In blithesome June.

Through the hazy mist that hovers
'Neath the sky's delicious blue,
A rugged range of distant mountains
Rear their lofty peaks in view,
While the oaks, and pines and hemlocks,
Seem to be
One expanse of verdant forest,
Stretching onward to the sea.

At our feet a spacious valley
Clothed in robes of living green,
Pierced by many a yawning cavern,
Crossed by many a dark ravine,
Traversed by a winding river
Flowing gently by;
Smiling ever, ever, ever,
Does this vale of beauty lie.

Peeping out on this fair valley,
Hushed by hum of rippling rills,
Rests a town of rarest beauty,
Nestled in among the hills,
On the mountain's side above it,
Sleep the dead;
On its crest an ancient landmark,
Lifts its head.

THE VALLEY OF THE ONTONAGON.

Keeping this fair dell from danger
As if to guard it' from surprise,
Giant hills, in countless numbers,
To the East, and Southward rise,
Till the oaks, and pines, and hemlocks,
Sing in tune,
Flooding all the land with music,
In blithesome June.



MARTIAL AND NATIONAL
POEMS.

DEATH OF ADMIRAL MAKAROFF.

DEATH OF ADMIRAL MAKAROFF.

America's sympathy for Russia in her great loss of
brave Admiral Makaroff and his gallant crew.

Land of the Czar! enshrouded in mourning;
Millions of Russians in grief and in tears;
Hearts that are sad for your great and your noble
ones,
And brave Makaroff in the prime of his years!

Humbly we offer our tribute of tear drops,
Silent we weep, while the storm tempest lowers;
Tears for your mourning ones, tears for your sov-
ereign,
Tears for brave Makaroff, your man and ours.

Brave as the bravest, and great as the greatest,
Roamed he abroad on his missions of trust,
Where he was needed most, where danger threatened
most,
Where there was work for the strong and the just.

Loved by his countrymen, loved by his sovereign,
Trusted by soldiers, by sailors, and all;

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

Loved by the nations while others condemning,
Even his enemies mourn for his fall.

While there are hearts that can feel for a kindness,
While there are men on Columbia's shore,
Love of our nations shall ne'er be forgotten,
Peace and good-will shall abide ever more.

God of the nations, and God of the battles,
God who o'erruleth whatever betide,
Thy God shall comfort thee, He will thy leader be,
Cease from thy mourning, thy tears shall be dried.

A NATIONAL ANTHEM.

A NATIONAL ANTHEM.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER, THE RED,
WHITE AND BLUE.

Do you hear in the distance the guns loudly thunder,
And why quakes the earth with the cannon's loud
roar?

And what means this throng which so wildly is
surging?

Like wave pressing wave, on the bleak ocean's
shore?

'Tis the glad voice of freedom, the loud acclamation,
Proclaimed by a nation, of glad hearts and true,
When they see in the heavens that flag proudly
streaming,

The Star-Spangled Banner, the red, white and blue.

One glance at that banner brings soul-stirring memo-
ries,

Of heroes and battles in fair freedom's name;
Of brave deeds accomplished in chivalry's morning,
And brows that are wreathed with the chaplet of
fame.

From dark Valley Forge, with its blood-sprinkled
ramparts,

And red Bunker Hill, with its heroes' renown,
From Trenton, and Monmouth, and famed Saratoga,
And Yorktown, with sword of Cornwallis laid down.

That banner which now is so gracefully waving,
Brings fond aspirations to those o'er the sea;
And soothingly speaks to the slave, cease thy
mourning,

Thy fetters are broken, the bondsman is free.
At Old Appomatox, the dread conflict ended,
And peace was restored 'twixt the brave and the
true,

Then like Noah's dove, with her olive branch bearing,
Shone forth our fair emblem, the red, white and
blue.

And thus may she ever float forth in her glory,
The emblem of peace, and good-will among men;
The weak to protect from the rod of oppression,
The strong to assuage by the sword and the pen.
But if her fierce eagles must needs sweep the ocean,
And battle's thick clouds hide the heavens from
view,

We'll look for that God-given banner of freedom,
The Star-Spangled Banner, the Red, White and
Blue.

TAKE ME BACK TO MICHIGAN.

TAKE ME BACK TO MICHIGAN.

Dedicated to Governor Chase S. Osborne, when
elected Governor of Michigan.

I've wandered through this world so wide,
That I might find my heart's desire;
From Golden Gate to Hindostan,
But take me back to Michigan.

'Twas her fair soil that gave me birth,
'Twas her pure air that made me strong;
'Twas there my conquests first began,
So take me back to Michigan.

No dearer soil beneath the sun,
No landscape doth more sweetly smile;
No breath more fragrant than thy balm,
O Michigan! My Michigan!

From wild Superior's rocky shore,
Through Sault Ste. Marie's rapid flow;
Old Mackinaw, surpass who can
The scenes in dear Old Michigan.

Her murmuring streams, where brook trout leap,
Her crystal lakes, and silvery sails;

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

Her heroes brave, on sea and land,
O! take me back to Michigan.

Her boys are brave, her ladies fair,
Her soldiers fought, and died like men;
Her glorious deeds describe who can,
O Michigan! My Michigan!

Let others seek a far off clime,
For Southern winds, or Western flowers;
For India's charm, or famed Japan,
But give to me Old Michigan.

AN APOSTROPHE TO AMERICA.

AN APOSTROPHE TO AMERICA.

Land of the brave! that stands with open door,
To welcome loyal hearts from every shore,
We give thee greeting of our warmest love,
And seek the favor of the God above.

The great Columbus braved the ocean's wiles,
To float his flag upon thy lovely isles;
Thy favoring gales our exiled fathers bore,
To seek the freedom of thy sheltering shore.

Thy beaded braves ne'er tame their hearts of oak,
Nor bow their shoulders to the white man's yoke;
But 'tis thy joy, O beauteous land, to be,
The most to him who is the most to thee.

Toil gives the weary laborer sweet repose,
Toil makes the desert blossom as the rose,
'Tis honest labor that alone can bring
"Slumber as welcome as the flowers in spring."

With courage strong, the stalwart pioneer
Builds his log hut, where roamed the antlered deer;
His sturdy strokes, make forest kings recoil,
He sways his sceptre o'er the fertile soil.

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

With his keen blade he fells the towering pine,
With dextrous skill he excavates the mine;
On paths of steel his panting chargers lie,
On lightning wing his missives swiftly fly.

We greet thee, beauteous land, 'twas thee who gave
This swift recording angel of the wave,
Who scorns the mighty ocean's sullen roar,
And writes the thoughts of man on every shore.

On Hudson's tranquil breast, propelled by steam,
Thy vessels first awoke the eagle's scream;
And to the wondering world the power gave,
To float their gallant ships on every wave.

If foreign foe invade thy peaceful land,
His sword shall fall within the patriot's hand;
If he would test thy warships on the sea,
Go ask the Spaniard what his fate will be.

'Tis said the gorgeous East, in days of old,
"Showered on her kings barbaric, pearls and gold;"
The glory of thy honored sons would be:
Manhood, honor, knowledge, liberty.

No rank, nor title, do thy children crave;
If mind be noble, and if heart be brave,
By honest worth and merit do they stand
The peer of any king, in any land.

AN APOSTROPHE TO AMERICA.

If foreign lords disdain to till the soil,
And doubt the greatness of the men who toil,
We point them to that glorious silent grave,
So gently rocked by fair Potomac's wave;

Or to that mighty hand whose matchless stroke,
Swept from fair freedom's soil the slave's cruel yoke;
Nor faltered for one moment to withhold
A million martyrs, and a mine of gold.

Lives there a man who treads thy fertile land,
And seeks protection from thy sheltering hand,
Who from thy bounteous storehouse gets his food,
Who reaps what others sowed in drops of blood,

And yet thy lavished kindness basely spurns,
And from thy glorious banner coldly turns?
O may thy peaceful shores from such be free,
The foe of progress, virtue, liberty.

Then homeless wanderer from whatsoever clime,
The land that greets and welcomes thee, is thine;
And with thyself and children makes the plea,
That thou wilt love the land that welcomes thee.

Her mighty peaks, clad in eternal snow,
Her fair green valleys, stretching far below;
Her forests dim, where massive hemlock towers,
Her flowery dells and sweet Arcadian bowers,

Her crystal lakes, bedecked with many a sail,
Her silvery brooks, that glance in every vale;
All these, the welcome stranger kindly greet,
And spread their rich luxuriance at his feet.

And now, adieu, fair land, but not for aye;
May heaven speed thee on thy glorious way;
In God thy trust, His might shall be thy stay,
While thrones, and empires, crumble into clay.

NATIONAL HYMN.

NATIONAL HYMN.

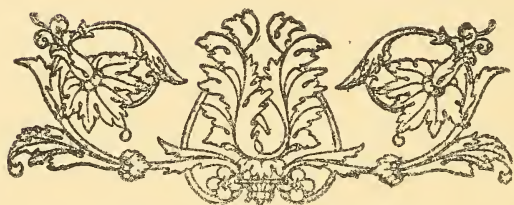
(Air—"Faith of Our Fathers.")

Land of our 'fathers, thee I love,
Thy sacred shrines and blood bought plains,
Thy snow capped 'peaks, and crystal lakes,
Thy dauntless heroes' spotless names.
Land of our fathers! land of the brave! '
Lony may thy flag untarnished wave.

Our Fathers' God 'to Thee we raise,
Our grateful hearts in 'earnest prayer:
Keep us, O! keep us, King of Kings,
Beneath thine own protecting care,
Humble in^t heart, in conscience free,
May we thy chosen people be.

Land of our fathers, we will prove,
Faithful^t and true through all the strife,
And strike for freedom, and for thee,
What e'er the cost of gold, or life,
Break the strong^t fetters of the slave,
Or lift the yoke o'er Eastern wave.

God of our fathers, help usⁱ rise,
To our immortal destiny,
Prophetic voices of the skies,
Speak of theⁱ conquests yet to be,
We give Thee thanks for victories won,
We pray Thee still to lead us on.



A THANKSGIVING POEM.

A THANKSGIVING POEM.

“WAS MAN MADE TO MOURN?”

When the golden corn is garnered,
And the harvest work is 'done,
When forests wave their blood red flags
To autumn's mellow sun,
When cellars groan with luscious fruit,
And huntsmen sound the horn,
Dost thou believe O hoary sage,
“That man was made to mourn?”

When “the melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year”,
When the hazy Indian summer light,
Floods all the atmosphere,
When the bee has stored her honey,
And the squirrel has reaped his corn,
Then let not this disturb thy breast,
“That man was made to mourn.”

When earth's glorious panorama,
“Awakes the living lyre”,
And the poet's heart is “pregnant”,

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

With that celestial fire,
When the sunset skies are crimson;
And the frosts our fields adorn,
'Tis man's unkindness to himself,
That often makes him mourn.

When the brooklet sings 'her sweetest song
To the willows nodding near,
When the forest leaves are rustled by
The 'bounding of the deer,
When the busy squirrel stores his nuts,
Nor 'fears December's storm,
This partial view is not the 'best,
"That man was made to mourn?"

"When banners glorious, golden,
O'er the woodlands 'float and flow,"
As streamed they from the castles gray,
"In times of long ago:"
When hickory logs burn 'brightly
In the fireplace wide and warm,
Do merry voices then proclaim,
"That man was 'made to mourn?"

When the wood is in the forest,
And the gold is in the mine,
When 'the grain has all been garnered,
And the grapes have turned to wine,

A THANKSGIVING POEM.

When the bee has stored her honey,
And the squirrel 'has reaped his corn;
" 'Tis man's unkindness to his kind
That makes the millions mourn."

"The grand old masters" have their joy
Likewise the "bards sublime,"
'Tis true their "Footsteps echo through
The corridors of Time,"
But each should have a thankful heart,
"For man had 'ne'er been born"
Had there not been more joy than pain,
To comfort those that mourn.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF OUR LATE
PRESIDENT.

The following was composed by Rev. W. Edgar Brown, pastor of the Rockland M. E. church, and recited by him 'at the McKinley memorial services held here Thursday, Sept. 19:

'Tis afternoon!

The grand 'organ is pouring forth its strains of glorious melody,

Causing the magnificent Temple of Music to resound again and again.

The first man of the nation and of the world, has taken his place among the 'common people, Whom he loved so well.

His heart beats high with 'joy, his eye beams with a holy fire,

Lighting up that benign, and lovely 'countenance,

As he extends his hand in kindly greeting to all who pass that way,

To manifest that in his heart, no malice is, towards any of the sons of men.

But see!

Out from that gala throng, a cringing coward steals, His bandaged hand conceals a deadly weapon;

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF OUR LATE PRESIDENT.

And he 'reaches, as Judas did, to greet the guileless
one.

But hark!

Two quick reports awake the echoes of the mighty
dome.

Two trickling, 'crimson streamlets, tell the awful
story;

'Tis the life's blood, of our beloved President.

He calmly walks towards a seat, one 'moment,
He bows his head upon his hands, perhaps 'in prayer,
It is not much he said, "deal gently with the man,
may God forgive him."

No murmur e'er escaped his lips,
He counts his life's blood less than the slightest pain
to 'others.

A prince and hero has fallen in our land, this day;
A hero in his private life,
A hero in the dread turmoil of war;
A hero, 'and a glorious victor, in all his great ambi-
tions,

Until, at last, his triumphant feet had reached the
very 'topmost round,
Of fame's immortal ladder; when the accursed bullet
laid him low.

His was the clearest mind the 'centuries have known,
His was as brave a 'heart as ever throbbed within
a human breast.

His life and character as pure and stainless as the
fragrant lily,
Which diffuses its sweet perfume upon the morning
air.

“God’s will be done,” he said, “I shall find rest”;
As surrounded by a nation’s mighty men,
Whose hearts bled sore, because they could not die
for him,
While the heart-broken nation held its breath without,
He took his sad farewell.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

I watched her spread her gallant sails,
And glide o'er the waters blue,
But something caused me
 To heave a sigh,
And the echoing winds
 Seemed to make reply,
She'll never come back to you;
And the sad winds sighing
Moaned as they passed,
She'll never come back to you.

She sailed away, that gallant ship,
On her voyage to the eastern main;
And his heart was sad,
 As he said "Good-bye",
And the moistening tear-drop
 Dimmed his eye,
As he said, "I'll come back again";
And he pressed my hand
In a fond embrace,
Saying, "Love, I'll come back again."

I have waited long for that gallant ship,

To return o'er the wide, wide sea;
But the night winds whistle
 A sad refrain,
And a voice in my heart
 Seems to answer again,
He'll never come back to me;
But the night winds whistle
A sad refrain,
He'll never come back to thee.

But every night ere the sun goes down,
My ship comes home from sea;
I can see the gleam
 Of her silvery sails,
And hear a voice
 Through the weird, wild gales,
Saying, "I will be true to thee."
And my heart's with my love
In that phantom ship;
Who will ever be true to me.

BE STRONG AND SHOW THYSELF A MAN.

BE STRONG AND SHOW THYSELF A MAN.

Be strong! my son be strong!
And show thyself a man;
A regal crown adorns thy brow,
A kingdom great thy shoulders bow,
Be strong! Be strong!

Be strong! my son be strong!
And show thyself a man;
The times demand heroic deeds,
To meet the world's distressing needs,
Be strong! Be strong!

Be strong! my son be strong!
And be of noble mind;
The world needs men of heart and brain,
To lead it back to God again,
Be strong! Be strong!

Be brave! my son be brave!
Nor falter at thy task;
The mountain proves to be a hill,
When trodden by a man of will,
Be brave! Be brave!

And thoughtful be, my son,
For those who weaker be;
The strong should bear the weak one's load,
Nor pine, nor murmur, on the road;
Take heed! Take heed!

Seek not thine own, my son,
Nor honor, nor reward;
Let high-born purpose be thy spur!
Passion to serve thy guiding star!
Humility thy garb.

Wouldst thou be rich, my son?
Wouldst thou not live in vain?
Invest thy life in deeds of love,
In lowly deeds, that blessings prove;
Treasures in heaven.

When others weep, my son,
O! then do thou be strong;
Thy strength will buoy thy brother up,
Will sweeten some the bitter cup;
Reflect the strength divine.

CAN I FORGET MOTHER'S LOVE?

CAN I FORGET MOTHER'S LOVE?

The sands of life are nearly run,
The sun of life has nearly set;
From o'er the hills his lengthening rays
Are lingering yet;
O! mother dear, how frail thou art!
Can I forget? Can I forget?

Can I forget this evening hour?
Can I forget that pallid cheek?
The stammering tongue, the sunken eye,
Those tottering feet,
That loving touch so gentle once,
That soothing voice so soft and sweet?

O! mother dear, I'll ne'er forget,
For oft you held me on your knee;
And oft you soothed away my pain;
O! can it be?
That in thy solemn evening hour,
This heart should not remember thee?

Mother, you are old and gray,
Your day of earthly joy is past;

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

Your feet grown weary in life's way,
At last! at last!
But precious shall thy memory be,
My mother! mother dear to me.

Mother, I'll be recompensed,
If I can dry one scalding tear;
If I can stay one faltering step;
Feel thee near;
When thou art gone, how sweet 'twill be,
To think that I remembered thee.

REACHING THE GOAL.

REACHING THE GOAL.

Does the world look dark and dreary?

Look above!

Does the heart grow faint and weary?

In December,

We'll remember,

Frost and storm will pass away,

Winter change to blithesome May;

God is love!

There's a bright world all around,

Look and see!

Pearls and diamonds may be found,

Flowers fair,

Jewels rare,

If we strive to gain the height,

Not attained by sudden flight,

For you and me.

Many a flower has blushed and bloomed,

Unseen;

Many a sparkling gem entombed,

In ocean's cave,

Found its grave;

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

We will fan the holy fire,
We will gain our soul's desire,
Joy supreme.

The course once trod is safe and clear,
Well surveyed.
Contented he, who cannot hear,
From hill and glen,
The call for men;
He who scales yon giddy height,
Strives and climbs with strength and might,
Undismayed.

But in that strenuous upward way,
Foes abound.
If you face them, they obey;
One strong blow
Fells the foe,
If you halt, or hesitate,
If you yield, or idly wait,
Lose the ground.

What though you weary in the fray,
Press right on;
You will surely win the day,
With soul aflame,
For power and fame,
There are joys that never die,

REACHING THE GOAL.

Where the noonday sun shines high,
The battle won.

Every moment now is golden,
Do, and dare!
Every barrier should embolden,
Strive to-day!
While you may!
Cowards cringe, and weaklings cower,
Wreath, and crown, and heroes dower,
You may wear.

What though many a ship has stranded,
On life's sea.
Many a ship has safely landed,
Home at last,
Breakers past,
When my course in life is run,
May my pilot say well done:
To me.

THE SILVER LINING.

Though dark the day,
Somewhere they say,
 The sun is brightly shining;
Then if we may,
We'll sing to-day,
 And watch for the silver lining.

It were not wise
To thus despise,
 And gloat in a brother's sorrow;
But rather share
Our brother's care,
 And wish for a bright to-morrow.

His little light,
May not burn bright,
 Or fill the earth with beauty;
But that faint spark,
May light the dark,
 And lead him on to duty.

What man is he,
If man he be,

THE SILVER LINING.

For adverse seas enough,
Would not rejoice,
If he could find,
A diamond in the rough?

And good there is,
In every man,
And genius oft is shining;
Would some good friend
His cause defend,
And show him the silver lining.

O, many a bright
And shining light,
Is almost quenched with sorrow;
Which love's bright flame,
Might fan again,
And bring him a bright to-morrow.

Then let us look
For the hidden gem,
Which only needs refining;
And heal each heart,
And soothe each pain,
And show them the silver lining.

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

If I were a boy again, and lived
Back where I used to be,
I would not dream of the silvery stream
That lies far over the sea,
But I'd know full well, that the hill and the dōll,
Held much for a boy like me.

If I were a boy again, I'd not
Dream of Crusoe's tropic isle,
Or the murmuring thrills of the woodland rills,
In a land beyond the Nile,
But I'd be a hero in deeds of love,
And face the world with a smile.

If I were a boy again, I'd make
The most of my own domain,
I'd hear the songs that the wild birds sing,
And I'd list to the brook's refrain;
The spry little squirrel should be my chum,
If I were a boy again.

If I were a boy, I'd be content,
Nor sigh for the joys of men,

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

For the days of youth are the happiest days,
And cares are but snow flakes then,
My realm with a king would I not exchange,
If I were a boy again.

If I were a boy, I'd play the game,
That all the world might see
I was making the most of a boy's rare chance,
To be what he ought to be.
I'd get a start, and keep it then,
If I were only a boy again.

EVENING.

When June's rosy sunbeams die out in the west,
And evening's soft zephyrs would lull me to rest;
'Tis then that my heart with fond memory is filled,
Like a vase in which roses have once been distilled,
Like a vase where sweet roses have once been dis-
tilled.

The cares that have burdened me all the long day,
Have folded their tents like the Arabs away,
And the halo of glory and peace seems to me,
Like the fabled enchantment of some mystic sea,
Like the soft murmuring music of some silvery sea.

The whippoorwill carols his song in the pine,
The glow worm has lighted her lamp in the vine,
The evening star shimmers adown o'er the bay,
While the kine gently low the soft curfew of day,
While the insect's low drone knells the curfew of day.

Yon mountain so dark and so hoary with years,
Yon forest so somber and gloomy appears,
But the rivulet sings on his way from the hill,
And the perfume of roses is on the air still,
And the sweet scent of roses is on the air still.

EVENING.

The dark rolling landscape fades out in the west,
The moon's silvery beams crown the mountain's tall
 crest,
And the soft flowing waters are kissed by the breeze,
That has whispered his tale to the murmuring trees;
That has lisped his low tale to the tremulous trees.

The scene's so entrancing it seems now to me,
I am off in an airship so light and so free,
In a ship so fantastic, so wondrously fair,
The angels might envy a pleasure so rare,
That the angels might long for a pleasure so rare.

I scan the dark forest, I float o'er the sea,
I sail o'er those spots so enchanting to me,
I skim the deep river, I glide 'long the shore,
But at eve I come back to my own cottage door,
But at night I return to my own cottage door.

And now 'tis a ladder that bursts on my sight,
All decked with fair roses, and garlands so white,
And angels all shining with bright golden hair,
Are climbing and twining those garlands so fair,
Are decking that ladder with garlands so fair.

I reach for a garland, I fain would aspire,
To climb the tall ladder, and even mount higher,
But the vision has faded, the airship's no more,

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

I see but the vines round my own cottage door,
The close clinging vines round my own cottage door.

O welcome the zephyrs that lull me to sleep,
O welcome the balm of the murmuring deep,
O welcome my cot that's so temptingly fair,
And the incenses that rise on the sweet wings of
prayer,
And the incenses that rise on the white wings of
prayer.

UNCLE BEN.

UNCLE BEN.

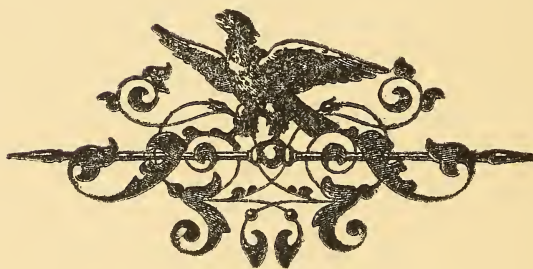
The following poem is a tribute to the memory of the late Mr. B. F. Brown of St. Joseph, Mich., well known throughout the State as Brown, the sleigh man.

A jolly good fellow was Uncle Ben,
Where ever he might be;
Whether he drove his prancing steed,
Or sailed on the silvery sea;
A jolly good fellow was Uncle Ben,
And he was the fellow for me.

Whenever he came where the children were,
Then every heart was glad;
Whenever he went to say good-bye,
Then every heart was sad;
For he was the jolliest uncle I ween,
That ever children had.

As years rolled by, he went away,
And we missed his genial face;
But he never forgot to visit again,
The folks of the old home place;
And we all had a welcome when Ben came home,
With his rollicking, frolicking grace.

Now here's to the man with the merry laugh,
To the fellows like Uncle Ben;
Who go through the world like sunbeams bright,
To gladden the hearts of men;
To brighten the lives of the boys and the girls,
To the fellows, like Uncle Ben.



TO THE ST. IGNACE HUMANE SOCIETY.

TO THE ST. IGNACE HUMANE SOCIETY.

There came a fair dame to our city,
A lady both fluent and witty;
 But her heart was oppressed,
 And she couldn't find rest,
For the canine, the cow, and the kitty.

The tramp kitties all seemed to know her,
And blinkingly crept to her door;
 She took them all in,
 No matter how thin,
This lady from Canada's shore.

The cows were turned out in the winter,
And no one was there for to hinder;
 The poor little cows,
 Turned out for to browse,
And the lady looked out through her winder.

They harnessed their lap dogs for horses,
Those terrible folks, to the northwards;
 And they'd sit and grin,
 As if 'twere no sin,
At the little lap dogs, used for horses.

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

Come all ye lovers of humanity!
Come all ye despisers of profanity!
 It is proper and mete,
 That you sit at the feet,
And learn of this lady, from Canada.

Now, I hope you'll forgive this short ditty,
I am sure it is not wise, or witty;
 But a cause may be lost,
 No matter how just,
By its fool advocates, What a pity!

IN THE VALLEY OF BACA.

THE VALLEY OF BACA.

We live beneath the April skies
Of not unbroken blue,
The frosts of winter nip the flowers
In summer wet with dew;
The heart that beats with joyful hope,
Is changed by weight of years;
The eyes that in the morning smile,
At eve are dimmed with tears.

The vale may seem a dreary waste,
A barren, shadowed plain;
But if the heart be fixed on God,
His sunshine comes again.
The rainbow of His promise sweet
Is shining clear above,
And flashes back the sunbeams bright
Of His unfailing love.

The fountain of perpetual youth
Flows from our Father's throne,
Refreshing pilgrims homeward bound,
Whom God shall call His own.
What though the valley may be drear,

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

And gloomy be its sights?
The golden city soon shall shine
From yon celestial heights.

Faint not, brave heart, though sorely pressed
Through all the weary way;
Your tears of sorrow soon will cease,
Your night be turned to day.
Then breathe a prayer, and sing a song,
Nor think of doubt or fear,
The Vale of Baca soon you'll pass,
The pearly gates appear.

THE RECONCILIATION.

THE RECONCILIATION.

Written after reading "The Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam.

"Earth could not answer," but whence was it born?
How came the flowers which do the fields adorn?

Can barren reason, e'er create a star,
Or re-produce the tints of rosy morn?

What sage is he who can from nothing bring,
The harmonies that in the heavens sing?

What sculptor can create the eagle's eye
Or form the texture of the Oriole's wing?

If true it be, nought can from nothing come.
And yet 'tis true that yonder shines the sun,
It must be true. And wherefore reason more?
There must have been a self-existing one.

If man be found with wisdom, grace and skill,
If man be found with reason, sense and will,
The One who made him surely must be more,
And with His life the Universe doth fill.

If in a human soul be found Celestial fire,
Which burns with Immortality's desire,

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

Will not the Wise One satisfy the thought
Which did Himself in that fond soul inspire?

Will not the Infinite Himself reveal,
To those poor souls who after Him do feel?

Or will He to the darkness dense retire
And from the thirsty soul Himself conceal?

Let Sinai's Mount 'mid muttering thunders riven,
Let Prophet's voice sur-charged with breath of
heaven,

And Patmos' Isle unseal the sacred scroll,
And from its burning page be answer given.

My way is in the sea, my power a rod.
My name, I am, the Self-Existing One.

All things have I created in heaven and earth
Through age on age eternal, I am God.

Unchangeable I am and present everywhere,
Nothing exists but I uphold it there.

My wisdom is revealed in every star,
My love is shown in every blossom fair.

I have created man and made him free,
God-like in reason, will, and immortality.

Although his path I know, he takes his own
And as his choice his heaven or hell shall be.

THE RECONCILIATION.

My key alone can ope the iron gate,
For me the seers and sages all must wait,
 If they unearth the pearl of great price
And find the master key of human fate.

For him who finds it, joys eternal spring;
Fair roses bloom, and sweetest song birds sing.
 And heaven and earth unfold their shining hours,
Their ministry of fullest joy to bring.

Can it be true? "That never blooms so red
The rose, as where some buried Caesar bled?
 That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head?"

Can it be true, that Gods I've loved so long,
Have done my credit in this world much wrong?
 Have drowned my glory in a shallow cup,
And sold my reputation for a song?"

Ah, true it is to those who find no key
To ope the thrice-locked door of destiny.
 Who make the most of what they yet may spend,
Before they, too, into the dust descend.

Ah, true it is! "The loveliest and the best
That from her vintage rolling time hath pressed,
 Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest."

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

Whether in Egypt's vale, or Afric's shore,
Whether he worship Moloch, Baal, or Thor,
Mid polar snows, or sunny Southern clime;
Man longs to see the God he doth adore.

And He who knows what thoughts in man abide,
And from whose scrutiny no thought can hide,
Did send His Son, the God man, to the world,
That men might look upon "the Crucified."

That they might see the hill on which He died,
That they might thrust their hands into his side;
And put their fingers in the nail prints of his hands.
And feel the cleansing of His blood applied.

Oh! glorious sights and sounds to mortals given,
Oh! glorious recompense for which mankind hath
striven:

To build a ladder that doth reach the skies
And penetrate the golden gate of heaven.

To learn the lesson in earth's earliest dawn,
Mis-guided man should find the sweetest balm.

The woman's seed should bruise the serpent's head
Nor Judah's moral sway be past till Shiloah come.

To hear the prophets sing Messiah's fame,
To hear the prophets tell Messiah's name.

And sing the swan's song of his pain and death,
So many centuries before Messiah came.

THE RECONCILIATION.

To hear the angel band proclaim His birth,
To hear the voice of God declare His worth.

And raise the dead in answer to His prayer,
To show the doubters God had come to earth.

To see Him bow before the sovereign will,
And bear His cross up Calvary's rugged hill;
To hear Him speak as man ne'er spoke before,
And find in Him the Word divine fulfilled.

To see Him pierce for us earth's darkest gloom,
And rise all glorious from the darksome tomb,
That o'er the world bright Easter's sun should shine,
Sad hearts rejoice, and beauteous flowers bloom.

No royal robe of purple did He wear,
Nor crown of gold bedecked with jewels rare;
But gardner's habit was his mean attire,
And weal of contrite soul His only care.

No habitation did His means afford,
No royal dainties passed his frugal board.
His only book a line upon the sand,
And yet the nations deign to call Him Lord.

In distant Oriental lands 'tis said,
Where desert sands embrace the river's bed,
The grass and flowers make a Paradise
Where e'er a great Rock lifts his sheltering head.

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

As rock o'er desert sands its shadow flings,
And rose and lily from the wild waste springs,
So from the world's dark wilderness of woe,
The Rock of Ages sweetest comfort brings.

Forget-me-nots of holy love's desire,
Blue violets, devotion's sweet attire,
And pastures green, and waters still contentment's
 robe
And lilies' fragrant incense faith aspires.

And Summer's sweetest song birds in the night,
And springing fountains sparkling pure and bright.
Entrancing visions of the blood-washed throng,
Around the throne arrayed in garments white.

Oh, Rock Divine! O Refuge pure and sweet!
Stay Thou our hearts and guide our wayward feet.
Nor may we doubt, or e'er discouraged be,
Till in Thy likeness we shall stand complete.

SONGS AND HYMNS.

JUST AS THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE.

JUST AS THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

The moonlight shone on two new-made graves,
In an old church-yard grim;
Dimmed by the flight of a passing cloud,
Shadows came creeping in.
Cautiously scaling a broken wall,
Haggard and pale and wan,
Two men entered the church-yard old,
Just as the clock struck one.

CHORUS.

One of them knelt on a new-made grave,
Haggard and pale and wan;
Saying, "Mother, dear mother!
I promise at last";
Just as the clock struck one.

Once there had been a happy home,
The daughter was young and fair;
The maid was the father's joy and pride,
And he was a millionaire.
Once there were chimes of wedding bells,

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

And music soft and sweet,
And then came the crowning joy of all,
The babe pattering feet.

CHORUS.

But to-night he knelt on a new-made grave,
Haggard and pale and wan;
Saying, "Mother, dear mother!
I promise at last";
Just as the clock struck one.

The home at first was a happy home,
For honor and love were there;
Their heart strings clung to their beautiful boy,
The boy with the dark brown hair;
But at last the demon came into the home,
And they carried the father away;
The son inclined in his father's steps,
In spite of what mother would say.

CHORUS.

So to-night he knelt on a new-made grave,
Haggard and pale and wan;
Saying, Mother, dear mother!
I promise at last";
Just as the clock struck one.

After the father was borne from the home,
And the son had gone astray,

JUST AS THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE.

Unheeding the touch of a mother's hand,
Or the words that she might say.
The mother shrunk like a faded leaf,
And they carried her body away;
The boy came to seek his mother's grave,
In the church-yard old and gray.

CHORUS.

And that's why he knelt on the new-made grave,
So haggard and pale and wan;
Saying, "Mother, dear mother!
I promise at last";
Just as the clock struck one.

MEMORIES OF LONG AGO.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

I am a boy again to-night,
Now I'm off for the dear old farm;
I can see through the fading light,
The wide old fire-place bright and warm;
Now I hear the farm-boy's song,
Merrily driving his team along:

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Now I see dear grandma's face,
How she smiles as she greets her boy;
Now she takes my little pack,
Now I see her tears of joy;
Welcome to the farm, my lad!
Your bright face makes my old heart glad.

CHORUS.

I hear the hymns she sang that night,
When I had said my evening prayer;

MEMORIES OF LONG AGO.

Her soft tones seem to haunt me yet,
And tremble sweetly on the air:
"Happy day, O! happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away,
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day,
Happy day, O! happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!"

Once more I live my life again,
In those old spots so dear to me;
In the meadow, and through the lane,
Down by the spring 'neath the old willow tree;
Once more the trembling notes I hear,
Float in the distance sweet and clear:

CHORUS.

"There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love'
There'll be no sorrow there."

CHORUS.

Sweetest memories of long ago,
Soothe my aching heart and brain;
I am no longer a boy to-night,
I am my same old self again;

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

Sad and forlorn and wretched my plight,
Pity me, 'friends, I'm a drunkard to-night.

CHORUS.

"Pity me, friends, O! pity I say!

Angels might weep on beholding the sight,
Sad, and forlorn, and wretched I am,
Pity me, friends! I'm a drunkard to-night.



PROHIBITION'S PROMISED LAND.

Monroe County W. C. T. U. Convention Song.

PROHIBITION'S PROMISED LAND.

(Tune—"Higher Ground.")

From Satan's cruel bondage fled,
Obedient to our Lord's command,
A band of pilgrims on our way,
To Prohibition's Promised Land.

CHORUS.

We're on the way, a temperance band,
To Prohibition's Promised Land,
The Rum King Demon we will slay,
We're on the way, we're on the way.

From hostile bands we feel no fear,
No foe our onward march can stay;
In every conflict God is near,
And he will lead us on the way.

The power that rules the smitten rock
A crystal stream our needs supply;
Deluded men may boast in vain,
King Alcohol is doomed to die.

INDIAN LEGENDARY POEMS, AND SONGS OF CHEER.

E'er long the temperance goal we'll reach,
And grasp each other by the hand;
And many tears be wiped away,
In Prohibition's Promised Land.



A HYMN.

A HYMN.

FLEEING TO JESUS.

Jesus my Saviour to thee would I fly,
When the dark billows of sorrow roll high;
When the wild waves of adversity roll,
Be thou Redeemer the stay of my soul.

I need thee in sunshine, for thou art my joy,
Without thee the pleasures of earth are alloy;
But O! when the floods of affliction draw nigh,
Thou blest Rock of Ages to thee would I fly.

Triumphant Deliverer, sufficient thou art,
To share every sorrow that burdens my heart;
Like eagle that cleaveth her way to the sky,
I reach for the One that is higher than I.

Dear Saviour! I love thee, I hallow thy name,
Throughout endless ages thy praise I'll proclaim;
And loud hallelujahs I'll rapturously sing,
To Jesus my Prophet, my Priest, and my King.

KEEP THE COUNTY DRY.

Written for the W. C. T. U. Ingham County Convention, held at Grass Lake, April, 1910.

(Tune—"Hold the Fort.")

Comrades! See the temperance banner,
Waving in the sky,
Let us rally for the fray
And keep the county dry.

CHORUS.

Come and join the temperance army,
Shout the battle cry,
See our captain goes before us,
Keep the county dry.

Strong the foe, and fierce the conflict,
But our help is nigh,
Join the ranks of prohibition,
Keep the county dry.

CHORUS.

Long has evil been triumphant,
Over land and sea,

KEEP THE COUNTY DRY.

Robbing us of home and loved ones,
Under license plea.

CHORUS.

Lo! the martial host advances,
Strike! the foe must die,
Rally now for Michigan,
And keep the county dry.

CHORUS.



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